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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXX. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1851. WHOLE NO. 1540.

Original Poetry.

WISCONSIN.
A SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY A YOUNG LADY OF THAT STATE, NOW IN PHILADELPHIA.

I.

There's nothing like Wisconsin,
Its fair on every side;
Her woods and white-oak openings,
Her prairies spreading wide—
Her island groves, her shining rills,
The flowers on her sunny hills—
Ah, there's nothing like Wisconsin,
Our wild Wisconsin home!

II.

There's nothing like Wisconsin,
In winter or in spring;
When the bright green decks the poplar trees
And all the glad birds sing;
Or when [illegible] haste thro' the skies
And snow [illegible] on the prairie lies.
Ah, there's nothing like Wisconsin,
Our wild Wisconsin home!

III.

You'll not find brighter summers
In any Southern land,
When the Indian corn is rustling
In the prairie breezes bland—
When berries glisten in each glade
Or ripen in the forest shade.
Ah, there's nothing like Wisconsin,
Our wild Wisconsin home!

IV.

There's nothing like Wisconsin,
In the Indian Summer days,
When the distant hills are faintly seen
Through blue and smoky haze—
When the hunters through the forest roam,
And wild birds seek a Southern home.
Ah, there's nothing like Wisconsin,
Our wild Wisconsin home!

Original Novelet.

VIRGINIA AND MAGDALENE: OR, THE FOSTER SISTERS. A WINTER EVENING'S STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE DESERTED WIFE," "SHANNONDALE," "RETRIBUTION," &c., &c., &c.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

The bereaved father calmly composed the head and folded the hands of the beautiful sleeper; knelt and prayed a few moments, and rising, left the chamber, to send in those whose sad duty it was to perform the last offices of the living to the dead.

Josey remained statue-like by the bedside, until one of the women took him gently by the hand, and leading him to the door, put him out and closed it behind him.

There he stood a moment, bewildered; then, with a vague, delirious wish to escape from—something—he knew not what, himself perhaps—or the first sharp agony of bereavement—so new, so strange, so insufferable to the young child—he threw both hands to his temples, and started into a run. Down the stairs he ran, and through the passage-way,—out of the front door, down the stone steps and across the lawn—down the hill with frantic haste, and across the plains, on and on he ran, until, exhausted, he fell forward upon his face, where the waves of the Chesapeake Bay washed the beach.

In the grief and dismay of the household it was long before he was missed, and then, when inquiry was set on foot, some negro children, who had seen his insane flight, directed the search towards the bay, and there they sought and found him, insensible. They bore him back to the house, and when he came to himself in Bruin's arms he looked up in his face, and said,

"I forgive Paul now, for dying—only God can give courage to live, after she we love best has died."

In reply to this, Bruin took him to Ginnie, who was screaming frightfully with grief and anger—not, of course, because of the loss of her mother, whose loss she did not know, and could not understand—but, because Adam Hawk, who was an ogre to all children, had entered the room before her very eyes, and despite her cries, had lifted up in his arms and borne off the tranquil little Madgie, her playmate—her shadow—her other self. Well might the impetuous little Ginnie scream for her sister, for years would pass, and the indelible impress of character would be stamped by education upon each, before they would meet again.

———

The funeral of Mary Washington took place upon the fourth day after her death. It was attended by numerous relatives and friends, crowds of the gentry of three or four counties, and many others whom affection, respect, gratitude, or a morbid curiosity had brought to the house where so deep a tragedy had been enacted. Profound indeed had been the consternation of the whole community when the news of Mary Washington's assassination had spread from house to house. Bruin the dwarf, had made a deposition before a neighboring magistrate, imploring at the same time that the investigation might proceed without disturbing Judge Washington, who, besides being in the deepest sorrow, really knew nothing about the catastrophe—having been absent from the spot at the time of its occurrence. The magistrate then summoned those among the children who had seen the fatal event, and whose age rendered them competent witnesses. Broke Shields was among the most important of these. He deposed to what he had seen at the May-day festival, in the forest-glade, on the Old Turnpike Road—and what was much more to the purpose, he testified that he had a second time seen from the cover of the woods, the man who had fired the deadly ball. He swore to the pantaloons being the same. He knew them—they were very peculiar garments—looking very dark, and strong, and coarse, and very much torn, as if by violence, and nowhere mended. The man he described as being slight and wiry in figure; dark and emaciated in face, with shaggy black brows, and stringy black hair. His general appearance, wild and savage; he had seen him but a second, as he had fired and leaped into the forest.

This was the best testimony that could be gathered, and beyond this all was dark. Who the man was, none could guess, and what his cause of enmity to one so young, so fair and good as Mary, none could imagine.

Then the memory of Captain Carey's mysterious murder, little more than a year previous, and the almost unprecedented train of death and disaster that had followed—struck with terror the hearts even of the most courageous, and caused even the least superstitious and imaginative to feel that some malign star reigned over the destinies of the doomed family, and that some hidden, potent, and implacable enemy had vowed their extermination.

The State authorities took the affair up zealously. The Governor offered a large reward for the discovery and apprehension of the murderer. The papers were filled with accounts of the tragedy, and every circumstance bearing upon it, however remotely. Many private individuals added largely to the reward offered by the chief magistrate of the State, for the arrest of the heinous assassin.

Buried in the deepest grief for the untimely loss of the gentle daughter who had been to him as his last, his only child, the youthful widow of his only son—the comfort, stay, and hope of his declining years—the bereaved father had no thoughts to give to vengeance, or even to justice, and it was not until the morning after the funeral, when some of his oldest and most intimate friends called upon him with fervent expressions of sympathy, and earnest offers of service, that the JUDGE awoke to the calls of Justice—and then terrible indeed might have been the awakening, but for the habitual restraints of religion, whose life-long control over his actions, could not now be shaken off by one tempest of calamity or passion, however great and violent. So, after the first dark gathering of his brows, and the first impulsive, fierce flashing of the eyes, his countenance settled, and he said—

"Friends! friends! it is not for ME to take an active part in the pursuit and apprehension of this guilty man. I am too deeply, sorely stricken! My wounds still bleed and smart, and any measure I should take for the arrest of the criminal, would savor more of passionate vengeance than intelligent justice. You who have cooler heads and quieter hearts take this matter from my hands."

———

And now, unable to recover his composure amid scenes in which such terrible calamities had occurred, Judge Washington prepared to remove his family to a new estate he had recently purchased, and which comprised the whole of a small and beautiful islet that lay immediately opposite Prospect Plains, but ten leagues off on Chesapeake Bay.

The plantation of Prospect Plains, with two-thirds of the field hands upon it, the Judge determined to leave under the charge of Adam Hawk. The remaining third of his laborers, together with the whole of his household servants, he resolved to carry with his family to the isle.

It was on the night before his departure, that on returning from his last visit to the grave of Mary, he found Adam Hawk standing before him.

"Judge Washington, return with me again to the grave of your daughter," he said, respectfully, but in stern, deep tones, and the Judge mechanically complied.

The moon was shining down clear and bright upon the new and glistening tombstones—so many of them—in the family burial ground, when they paused beside the newest grave, that of Mary, which lay between them, and across which they spoke.

"Judge Washington, my patron and my best friend," said Adam Hawk, "until this moment I have not opened my lips upon that dark subject which has filled all minds and been upon all tongues for many weeks. But, now that you go hence for many years, hear me. That of which I have said nothing, I have felt much, and thought more. I have not been unmindful of the great goodness of you and yours to me and mine—now hear me! I permitted the destroyer of my child to die in his bed, because his life was not forfeit to the laws for his crime, else he had not lived to this time; but!—by the eternal justice of God! if the murderer of your child lives on sea or land, alive or dead, shall sea or land deliver him up! And like the Nazarites of old, in memory thereof, nor razor nor scissors shall touch my grizzled hair until that unknown demon stands upon the scaffold—so help me God!"

Never before had the latent Indian blood of Adam Hawk risen up so luridly as now, when, with his sharply-cut aquiline profile strongly relieved against the moonlight, he stood stern, dark and fierce, and took his oath of unsleeping vengeance.

Judge Washington stood for a while in silence, and then passing his arm within that of Adam, and resting upon the physically stronger man, he said—

"Let us go hence, Adam. The outraged community will cast forth the murderer from its bosom—nay, violated nature herself, in her wildest solitudes, will give no shelter to the criminal! Justice will have its course, but let it be justice!"

"Yes, JUSTICE!" exclaimed Adam Hawk, raising, with flashing eye, one arm to heaven.—"Yes, justice!—not—not mercy—not any degree of mercy! JUSTICE!" continued Adam Hawk, shaking aloft his lifted arm.

"Not vengeance, my friend! Come, now, let us talk of something else—your little grand-daughter, Magdalene. We are both in the same case now, Adam, old companion—each with an orphan grand-daughter on his hands. Each infant is as much as one of us can attend to in its infancy; but, Adam, after that I will care for the education and after prospects of my Mary's adopted girl."

Adam Hawk gravely bowed his thanks, though it is probable, in his pre-occupation, he had not heard exactly what was said.

Very early the next morning, Judge Washington and his household embarked in the packet boat that lay at the landing of Prospect Plains, and set sail for the sunny isle.

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BOOK SECOND.
CHAPTER I.
MAGDALENE.

Who will believe that, with a smile whose blessing
Would, like an angel's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing
As e'er passed maiden's lip in moonlit bower;
That underneath that face like summer ocean's,
Its lip as moveless and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all save fear.
Halleck.

Ten years have passed since the tragedy resulting in the severance of our young foster sisters was enacted—ten years, and the perpetrator of the crime remains undiscovered—ten years, and the glittering new white tombstones of the family burial ground have grown gray with age and green with mould—ten years, and the proprietor of Prospect Plains has never revisited his plantation.

Ten years—and Joseph Washington has passed all this time in his official duties, or at his home of more than ideal beauty—his island home

"On the Chesapeake's blue waters far off and alone"

where his grand daughter, Virginia, was growing up a little queen of an isolated little kingdom.

Ten years—and Adam Hawk still resided at Blackthorn Grange, and still managed the estate, or passed his leisure hours in the education of his grand daughter Magdalene.

At the time I write of, the Roman Catholic and the Protestant Episcopal Churches nearly equally divided the religious faith of the States of Maryland and Virginia;—the Roman Catholic having the ascendancy in the former, the Protestant Episcopal in the latter. Other denominations were almost unknown in these two States.

The old Episcopal Parish of All Souls—one of the very oldest in Virginia, covered the best part of three counties, and had been for many years under the pastoral charge of the Reverend Theodore Hervey, a near relative of him of the "Meditations"—who had been sent out from England as a missionary to the parish, and afterwards retained by it as the stationed and resident minister.

The Old Forest Church, as All Souls Church was sometimes called, and the old parsonage had been repaired for him, and as the declining parish revived and prospered under his ministry, a liberal salary was subscribed for him. He had married Helen Broke, the daughter of the wealthy Major Broke, of Forest Hall, and this connection greatly augmented his influence and prosperity. One son and one daughter, Theodore and Helen, had blessed this union.

Among the most important and influential of his parishioners were, besides the Brokes, of Forest Hall, the Washingtons, of Prospect Plains, the Mountjoys, of Alla Bayou, and Gen. Wolfe, of Mount Storm.

Joseph Washington and Adam Hawk were both professors of the Episcopal faith; both members of All Souls Parish; both had received the rites of Christian baptism at the font, and of Christian confirmation at the altar of the Old Forest Church; both had knelt at the same communion table, and as boys, youths and men, both had sat under the same preaching for nearly fifty years—the last twenty years being under that of the Reverend Theodore Hervey—thus both held the same articles of Christian faith—both possessed the reputation of eminent piety, and both were equally *sincere*. But here all parallel between the religion of the two men ended. Each enjoyed religion in his own way, and a far different way, and nothing could be more dissimilar than the *effect*—through the modifying influences of natural constitution, temperament, and *home* education—produced upon the character of each.

Joseph Washington was a man of warm temperament, of genial, social affections, of large benevolence, and great philanthropy—in a word, naturally GOOD GROUND for the seed of Gospel truth to fall on, and he had received the word in joy—he had inhaled the very spirit of Christ—the Faith that soothed all his sorrows, plucking the sting from death itself—the Hope that added to all his joys the crown of immortality—the Love of God and his Neighbor that inspired all his thoughts, words, and actions—"the PERFECT LOVE that casteth out fear," which led him to look through all apparent contradictions and impossibilities to the final judgment as the day of great Redemption. Thus it was Joseph Washington's highest, purest joy to contemplate with reverential love and worship the benignities of the Divine character and law.

Adam Hawk had gotten the thirty-nine articles of the church well beaten into that hard head of his, and, perhaps from the alloy of that stern North American Indian blood, or his constitution and temperament generally, or his early *home* training, or all of these together—but—all *he* saw and felt in his religion was—original sin, total depravity, the wrath of God, and—barring a soul like his own plucked here and there as a brand from the burning—eternal perdition; and these terrible subjects possessed a strong attraction for his own dark, fierce, and sanguinary soul. He joyed to think of the final judgment, of the consuming wrath of an Almighty God, of the tremendous fall of the wicked, of the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone—and when he thought that he himself should be there to see the grand final catastrophe of the tragedy of life—with his own eyes and not another's!—he experienced an atrocious rapture such as might fire the fierce soul of a North American savage at the prospect of the scalping, torturing and burning of an infinite number of foes.

These, reader, were the two men that were respectively the earliest educators of our two foster sisters, Virginia and Magdalene, and who, for the first ten years of their lives, had had almost the exclusive charge of forming or developing their characters.

We need have no misgivings for Virginia, passionate and impetuous as we already know her to have been, we know also that she has been in excellent hands—we will, therefore, leave her for the present in her island home, and turn to Magdalene.

For some children, and in some respects for Magdalene, Adam Hawk would not have made a bad educator, for he was a man of strict truth, stern justice, pure integrity—and he had no dearer wish than the earthly, the immortal weal of his grand daughter—nay, perhaps, his savage joy at the thought of the grand spectacle of the final judgment would have suffered some alloy, had he been sure that Magdalene would have been consigned to eternal flames. Yet truth, justice, integrity were the only virtues he really fostered in Magdalene—virtues which were naturally and by inheritance hers;—while his severe code and harsh discipline developed and cultivated to its utmost, that latent, hard implacability of temper, received through him from her stern Indian forefathers; that bad spirit which formed the evil half of her dread nature, and which, in after years, flooded her own life, and that of another with the darkest calamity.

Education, perhaps, never will be fully understood and perfected until phrenology, the youngest of the sciences, be elevated to an equal rank with its sisters.

No one with the knowledge of character which phrenology gives, would have taken a child like Magdalene Hawk, a child of wonderful force of character, a child full of self esteem, firmness, destructiveness—full of all things that go to make up an excessively proud, strong, free, self-reliant and self-sufficient nature—a child so fearless and exultant, that even in infancy, in the midst of a storm, she had clapped her hands and crowed back in joy to the thunder.

There never was a more beautiful child than Magdalene Hawk was at ten years of age. So tall was she for her age, that she would have been taken to be two years older, and so harmoniously proportioned, that every slightest motion was the perfection of grace. Her finely turned head and neck had that naturally majestic grace we see in the swan—her rounded limbs tapered off to the slenderest wrists and ancles, ending in the smallest and most elegant of all hands and feet. Her step had the elastic stateliness of the deer's. Her complexion was clear and brilliant—her Indian blood giving only the darker, richer tinge to the bright crimson of her cheeks and lips—her hair was long, black and straight, her features were slightly aquiline—her eyebrows jet black, arched, and tapering towards the points—her eyes were wonderfully large, dark and lustrous, and fringed by eyelashes jet black, and so very long, straight and drooping, that they threw those large eyes always into shadow—concealing their expression, and—combined with very full, red, and beautiful lips, gave to her countenance an air of luxurious languor—of the omnipotent fascination of which the maiden of after years was quite as innocent as the child of to-day. Perfectly beautiful as Magdalene was—or rather *because* she was *perfectly* beautiful—there was nothing delicate or fragile about her.

Strength, eloquence, beauty, and repose—these were the group of ideas suggested by Magdalene Hawk, when the first delighted surprise of first seeing her passed off.

She was a solitary child—motherless, sisterless, companionless, unless Adam Hawk, her grandfather, and Gulliver Goblin, his only servant, could be called companions. And perhaps, because she was a solitary child, she became a charming one; and that her infant life seemed to her like the winter morning twilight of her own native plains—when the day was dark with remaining night, and overcast with clouds, and moaning with the monotonous sound of the surge upon the shore—coming from night, dark, cold, gloomy, obscure, and full of threatening sounds and sights.

"Of what are you thinking now?" would Adam Hawk ask, as the child would let the lump of seedy cotton wool she was picking drop upon her lap, while she fell into a reverie by the great fire of the keeping room upon the windy winter nights.

"What are you studying about now?" he would ask.

"I am wondering where I first came from, and trying to remember," would be the truthful reply of the strange child.

"God created your body out of the dust of the earth."

"Yes, I know He did, as He does the flowers and trees, but I am different from them and from *it*—where did *I* come from?"

"God breathed into your nostrils the breath of life."

"I know—I know where my breath comes from—I draw it in and send it out every moment since the Lord first gave me the power to do it—but—where did *I myself* come from first of all!—not my body and my breath, but, I MYSELF, that studies and wonders and never sleeps?"

Then would follow a section of catechism and an explanation of the subject that ought to have been perfectly satisfactory, only it was not, for Magdalene would immediately reply—

"Yes, I know—you told me that before—but what I was trying to remember, was, where I came from first of all, and I was just going to recollect, when you spoke to me and put me out—I do wish I could remember it, but I feel as if it were a very sad place."

Adam Hawk would repeat for the thousandth time, that a child would ask more questions than a philosopher could answer in a thousand centuries, and exhorting her to mind and complete her task of cotton picking before bed-time—return to his book or his thoughts.

The only other occupant of their fire-side, would sit on his haunches, propping his chin on his hands, his elbows on his knees, and study Magdalene for hours together, watching the calm and beautiful face, the mature and thoughtful expression, and shaking his head slowly, slowly, would mumble—

"She ain't right—she ain't!—She ain't human—she ain't! Look at her now! She is either one of the Angels of the Lord, or else she is the Ole Satan hisself in female form!"

This was Gulliver Goblin, the superannuated gardener of Prospect Plains—now the man of all work to the overseer—"Gulliver Goblin," so called from his mendacious propensities and his marvellous tales, all of a raw head and bloody bones character. Gulliver Goblin, or Mr. Biggs Chisselly, as he called himself, united in his own person many more offices besides those of plantation gardener, overseer's man, historian and story teller—he was a sort of self-constituted magistrate on the estate, and self ordained preacher at the meetings, and the fiddler in general to the neighborhood. In his magisterial dignity he would often decide how much of perquisites or plunder should be given with a girl in marriage—in his clerical character he would pronounce the marriage benediction, and in his musical capacity he would then play the fiddle for the company to dance—and not unfrequently entertain the company with some horrible story, or improvise a humorous sketch of something that had occurred in their circle. *This* was his *forte*—he was great on the fiddle, greater on the banjo, but greatest in grotesque satirical improvisations. Gulliver Goblin was indeed, and in truth, one of those "mute inglorious" Paganinies of whom a few may be always found among the negroes of the Southern plantations, whose general musical genius is too well known to be denied. A great terror was Uncle Biggs and his banjo to evil doers among the negroes of the whole neighborhood—more than every other penalty for misdemeanor, they dreaded being "put upon the banjo" by Uncle Biggs. Gulliver Goblin was a solitary old man—all his family, as he often said at meeting, "had succeeded him to the land from whose bourne no traveller returneth,"—that is to say, his parents, brethren and sisters, had passed away in the course of nature. Uncle Biggs had never married—he had been jilted once by Mrs. Polly Pepper, and that peppering he said had seasoned his heart so highly that it was proof against all the 'fluencys of beauty and time. Gulliver Goblin would have taken strongly to our lonely child—only there was a natural reserve and state about the little one that made him somewhat shy of her. He would circle around her as a great black bug about a bright candle—he would admire her, study her, wonder at her, and be half afraid of her—beautiful woman-child that she was! Sometimes—very seldom, Magdalene would notice him by asking some strange question upon subjects that only he might be able or willing to inform her of, and sometimes—with her calm, profound and beautiful countenance turned full upon him, she would suddenly frighten him out of his senses by asking him some startling question about his pre-existence.

As the winter morning twilight of her lonely and loveless infancy passed off, however, the musing girl left off asking vain questions, and her reveries were filled with the present, or her thoughts projected themselves into the future.

She became very observant of all things around her. The face of nature with its infinite variety, forests, fields and flowers—waters, clouds and clear ether—day and night, light and darkness, sun and stars were deep unfathomable mysteries to her—mysteries she never, never grew weary of diving into.

LIFE was the greatest mystery of all—what was it? whither tended it? She accepted with awe all the Church had to teach her, but reached for something beyond. Great reverence she had for LIFE—great sympathy for all life that could SUFFER or ENJOY, however humble its form might be. In her lonely rambles on the sandy shores of the bay, she would stoop and pick up the little fish that might be stranded on the beach, and if its life was not extinct, return it to the water. In her solitary wanderings over the plains, or through the forest, she would remove the small caterpillar that might be crawling across the foot-path, lest some hasty foot should tread it to death. Even the drowning fly was not beneath her care. Nor was this altogether from benevolence—strange as it may be—it arose more from conscientiousness; and could the young child have understood her feelings, and put them into words, she might have said: "All living things—all that can suffer and enjoy—and that are lower and weaker than ourselves, have a *right* to our care and protection—have a *right* to all the happiness that we have the power to give them. And as higher orders of beings, angels and archangels, minister to us—cherishing, protecting, defending us—so we should cherish, protect and care for the well-being of all that the Universal Father has entrusted to our mercy—as far as we have power and they have need. Shall I, whose slumbers an angel guards, not save a wounded bird from death?" Sometimes the chain of life was very distinct to her—and in those lonely moods of hers, by a sudden electric shock, she felt her connection with all the life above, and all the life below her.

Very unequally educated was Magdalene. In all that the society of other children might have taught her, she was profoundly ignorant. In all that the face of nature, solitude, self-communion could suggest, inspire, and teach, she was prematurely wise.

Very few people had the solitary child seen in all her life; and these could be summed up in a very few words—the assessor once a year would draw bridle at Blackthorn's gate—the clergyman in his pastoral rounds, would visit them about twice as often—and these, I think, were all—if we accept an occasional traveller, who would be landed from a packet at the beach, and journeying on foot across the plains, with his bundle swung on a stick over his shoulders, would meet Magdalene, and start with surprise and admiration at the sudden vision of dazzling loveliness in that wild place—and passing—turn again and again to gaze and wonder at the marvellous beauty of the lonely child.

CHAPTER II.
THE FIRST PRESENTIMENT.

What shall he be ere night? Perchance a thing
O'er which the raven flaps her funeral wing.
Byron.

"Come! It's not twelve o'clock yet, quite! but you may all break off there, and go to see the man hanged!" sang out the sonorous voice of Adam Hawk over a field where some forty or fifty negroes were at work; and in a moment every implement of husbandry was thrown down, and a general shout of joy was raised by the temporarily released laborers.

"Stop that confounded howling and shrieking! It is the confusion of Babel! Bedlam itself let loose, would be more reasonable! Hark! do you hear me, lunatics! STOP! I say, or *I* shall stop the holiday! Are we in Pandemonium?" clanged out the same harsh iron tones, as the negroes with a great noise gathered up again their farming implements, preparatory to scattering themselves.

When all had left the field, except Gulliver Goblin, the overseer turned to him and said,

"You, also, are at liberty to go and see the spectacle, Gulliver! Go! it may do you good! I should not have permitted those idiots to leave their work, had it not been that I hoped the ceremony would have a good effect upon them—that they would see that the way of the transgressor is hard! Why do you stand waiting? Go! it will interest you—especially as the culprit is a negro."

"Thanky, sir! I wouldn't go to see a white man hung, to-day—let alone a colored gentleman—niggerrow, as you call him!"

"Why, sir?"

"Case, [illegible]; I'm not morally swayed in my mind, of the sobriety of executionizing a gentleman by the neck, for borrowing another man's sheep!"

"*Why?* if one may crave your worship's reason!" sneered Adam Hawk.

"If your honor's worship had about eleventeen hours lodger, I could confuse your min' by a 'liverin' of my 'ration on capatating bunishment and de melodious opprobrium of another man's property."

"Your, WHAT?"

"My 'ration, sir, on moral 'snading and carnal weapons; my lecter, sir, on capitating bunishment, sir, improvided to be 'livered 'fore a journeyed meetin' o' de colored poplin of this legion of contry for the debolishment of gallowses, an' the 'vention of [illegible] in gineral. White peplin, sir, 'vited to 'tend—we sees no difference in color, sir. The meetin' to be holdin' this arternoon, at the glade of the Old Turnpike Road!"

"The site of two assassinations! a very proper place to preach the abolishment of the scaffold from!" growled Adam Hawk, with a sardonic grin, as he turned from the spot.

"Hyena! I'll put you on the banjo, this very night, long o' the jack ketch and the governor!" growled Gulliver; and as this was the most sanguinary form his vengeance ever took, I suppose it was perfectly satisfactory.

"Father," said Magdalene, "where are all the people going?"

"They are going to St. Leonard's, to see the man hanged!"

"May I go, too?" asked Magdalene, without the slightest idea of what she asked for.

"No," was the curt reply of Adam Hawk.

"But I want to go very much."

"I have once said no! I mean it."

"But I never saw a man hanged!"

"That is no matter for you!"

"What is it like?"

"It is none of your business."

"But why must I not go to see the man hanged, when every body else on the plantation has gone?"

"BECAUSE I WILL IT."

"But *I wish* to go!" persisted the persevering child.

Adam Hawk looked at her a moment, half in affection, half in severity, and said, sternly,

"See here, Magdalene! When I have once said so—you are to accept *that*—and once for all, let me tell you, that I will have you give up that bad habit of persistence; do you hear and heed me!"

"Yes, father."

"Magdalene!" said he, calling to her, as she was turning thoughtfully away. "Magdalene! when Satan once puts anything into your head, an angel of the Lord couldn't get it out; now I see that hard head of yours, is set on going to see the performance. Now I repeat to you emphatically—you are not to go!"

"I will not go, sir," replied Magdalene, gravely.

"If you do! *I will punish you with severity*," added the well-meaning but mistaken man. [illegible] degrading threat, the bright countenance of the beautiful child changed—grew over-moodily [illegible], and she turned silently and [illegible]

It was a [illegible] over the plains, [illegible]—and as she walked on ground under her [illegible] the slightly frosted [illegible] Goblin. She looked [illegible] encountered Gulliver [illegible] expression of [illegible]—and the inex[illegible] countenance drew [illegible] for him to address her—[illegible]

"What is the matter, little mistress?"

"I am hurt!" replied the child; [illegible] nothing but her deeply humiliated feelings [illegible] have drawn from her that admission—a confession that immediately emboldened Gulliver to say,

"Hurt, Miss Madge! I reckon how you'd be more hurt, if you was gwine for to be hanged this present hour."

"That is what I have been wondering about this morning. I never saw such a fuss among people, since the Governor was elected, and had a dinner given him at St. Leonard's—and it is because a man is going to be publicly hanged. Is it good or bad to be hanged?"

"Marster save your mortal soul, Miss Madge!"

"Well! why don't you tell me."

"The Lord help your heart! sometimes you makes objurgations as makes my hair bristle right for sheer scare—and sometimes you axes such simple questions, as a natural-born idiot ninny-hammer would know better nor to ax! Is hanging good or bad! I 'vises you to try the impediment, an' fin' out for yourself," said Gulliver, looking at her with a sort of gingerly compassion.

"Tell me all about it," said Magdalene.

"I'm a gwine to," replied the Goblin, taking the child by the hand and leading her up the hill to the deserted mansion. He stopped in front of the lawn gate to recover breath, and then pointing to the top of the hall, he said, "I am gwine for to take you up to the top of that there high house like Sam did Marster in the Bible, and show you something."

Magdalene had never been within the enclosure, and she now looked with great interest at the house. Goblin drew a key from his pocket, unlocked the gate and passed in, approached the front of the house, and admitting himself by a side door, took the child up a narrow spiral staircase that carried them up to the terrace walk on the roof of the house. Magdalene had never been up here before, of course, and had never seen the land and water from so high a point of view. She turned with almost breathless delight to look at the PROSPECT whose simple grandeur gave a name to Hall, Hill and Plains.

It was a brilliant day in early spring. Before her descended the great green hill gradually sweeping into the vast green plains stretching miles and miles to the dark blue waters of Chesapeake Bay, falling away and away until they were lost to sight in the convex form of the earth itself. Behind her arose the grand forest, rolling off and off—a boundless ocean of foliage until it disappeared in the far off distant horizon. These were the grand and simple features of the landscape. A magnificent PROSPECT indeed!

While Magdalene, almost forgetful of the subject upon which her thoughts had concentrated themselves the whole morning—gazed with admiration approaching to awe upon this boundless outspread of land and water, and murmured to herself—

"Now I see for myself that the great Earth is round, and feel that it is indeed an immense heavenly body whirling with inconceivable velocity through space! even as Mr. Hervey says!"

"Now she's at her witchified incanterations again!—and I sich a cussed infunnelly ole fool as far to trus' myself on top o' the house 'long o' her! In the name o' the prophets an' off the 'postles, an' off the holy angels!—amen! Miss Madgie, I say! leave off looking that way an' talking to yourself—or to Sam, and tend to what I'm gwine for to say to you."

"Well, Uncle Gulliver, I am listening."

"Honey, look down at that there road, and see how full o' people it is," said the Goblin, pointing to where the road stretched like a yellow thread to the town of St. Leonard's, which lay like a bright mosaic gem on the green plains. "You can't see the gallows, but I'll tell you about it," said the Goblin, and as he took a ghastly pleasure in such subjects, he sat down upon the narrow bench that ran within the parapet, and inviting Magdalene to do likewise, he composed himself, cleared his throat, and commencing, gave the child the whole loathsome story of an execution he had once witnessed—with all its soul-sickening details—one circumstance of great horror—of how the rope broke and the criminal fell, and was picked up and dragged, mangled and bloody, blinded and maddened, back to the scaffold. Magdalene listened apparently unmoved, her cheek retained its rich crimson tint, and her large, dark, thoughtful eyes were not once withdrawn from the grotesque face of the old negro which became perfectly demoniac with the antics of feeling as he told the story. After he was done her eyes remained fixed upon him with the same thoughtful, profoundly thoughtful expression, until he said,

"Now! would you like to go and see the execution? If you run fast you'll be in time! they won't fetch him out for half an hour yet. I thought you might o' seen it from the top o' this house, but you can't a cause the gallows is on the other side o' the town. Why don't you answer of me, Miss Madgie, and don't keep on o' boring o' holes through my head with your eyes—it kind o' puts a scare on top o' me, 'deed it do! Come! I'll take you to see the banging of you want to go."

"I would not see it for ten thousand worlds like this! I would not see it for ten thousand heavens like heaven!"

"I thought you 'sired very much for to witness the solemnification."

"I didn't know what it was! I did not know they hanged living men like bacon, you see! I thought the word hang might have two opposite meanings like—like—*peas*, you know—there is *peas*—to heaven!—and *prey*—upon a kid or a lamb."

"Now!" said the Goblin, looking at the sun with the air of a seer, "Now it is twelve o'clock—now if you want to re-al-ly the thing you may 'maginate it all out, and almost see it with your eyes—just this minnit they are taking of him up the steps o' the scaffold!—stop! now I'll tell you to a minnit when they fixes the rope."

Before he got any further, Magdalene had sprung, bounded from his side, and fled precipitately down the stairs.

Goblin gazed after her half bewildered, half relieved by her sudden flight, and when he found his voice, he said,

"Ef she ain't gone to see the execution arter all, sell me to Georgy! The hardest, hardest little devil I ever saw in all the days of my life! She hearn me tell all 'bout that rope breakin', and all that bloody ghastly story, and her red cheeks never turned! It's Injun blood, or it's Sam!" and the old man rising left the terrace.

Meeting the overseer by chance, he threw that worthy into great wrath by telling him that Magdalene had gone to see the execution.

Yes! she had heard with unshaken nerves and unfading cheek. Nerves of the strength and elasticity of tempered steel, muscles of marble hardness and firmness, gave little outward evidence of the strong mental agony—mysterious agony, far greater than the occasion called for—that shook almost her reason from its centre. Now it seemed to her that some spirit of evil had moved upon the waters of her soul, and its vague vapors and mists had separated and settled into something substantial, and clearly defined as horrible. Yes! the one monstrous—the one atrocious evil in the world, was—the legal SCAFFOLD!

Pursued by this terrible idea, she fled up the hill at the back of the mansion, and plunged into the depths of the forest. It was strange—passing strange!—one of the unfathomable mysteries of life, that among all the terrors of the "night side" of nature, *this* only should have caused her heart to quail to its very core.

Often, often in after years, the woman recalled this first terrible presentiment of the child, and concentrating all her reasoning powers upon the fact, sought vainly to account for it. Now the child sought in the darkest shades of the forest, a refuge from the horrible phantom of her mind. She wandered all that bright spring day, but saw no brightness in it—all nature was awake with life, but to her, in her then mood, the faint[illegible] death was in all things. [illegible] evening [illegible] on and on, until the shades of [illegible] turned [illegible] stealing over the plains; then she still absor[illegible] steps towards home—her mind agonizing in the one horrible idea—now so affect her reason[illegible] that it seemed to impulse to fly to the [illegible] felt a sort of maniac tragedy—she feared [illegible] of the loathsome some fiend that should [illegible] the power of that should place her—THERE—to a crime.

It was in this mood of mind, [illegible] down the wooded hill towards the p[illegible] turning the very Old Turnpike Road we have [illegible] ed so often, that she met Mr. Hervey, [illegible] preacher, on his return from St. Leonard's whither he had gone to give the last consolations of religion to the condemned, (the reader will remember that Mr. Hervey's home was at the parsonage of the old Forest Church.)

"You are out late alone, little girl," said the preacher, stopping his horse, when he saw the beautiful child standing in the road before him. "Where have you been, little one, and where are you going now?" he inquired.

She did not reply, preoccupied with her strange, gloomy thoughts, perhaps she did not understand or hear. Looking at her now with more attention, and seeing the strange, deep gloom upon the young child's face, he said,

"Why, what is amiss at your house, Magdalene?"

"I wish I were dead, Mr. Hervey!"

"You wish you were dead! I am afraid you have been very naughty, and got into trouble, little girl! At least that is a very naughty wish!"

"You said, yourself, when General Wolfe's grandson died, that it was a blessing when children were taken to Heaven in their sinless infancy!"

"I said that, little girl, but you are not to wish it; and I am very much afraid now, that you are very, very far from being a sinless child! Madge! you have been naughty, and are afraid to go home! Come, let me lift you up before me and take you home," said the preacher, stopping and reaching down his arms for the child.

Magdalene, for a reason of her own, accepted his offer, and he set her up before him, and, turning again his horse's head, rode towards the plains. As they went along slowly, the preacher once more sought to gain the child's confidence, and asked her what she had been doing wrong.

"Nothing, indeed, that I know of, sir; but I am very unhappy!"

"Unhappy, Magdalene?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why are you so?"

"How old might a little girl be before she could kill anybody and be hanged for it?"

"MONSTROUS THOUGHT! what puts such horrors into your head, my child?"

"What happened to-day did, sir—please tell me how old a little girl might be before she could take any one's life and die for it?"

"Magdalene, you revolt me!"

"Please answer my question, sir."

"Child, you are crazy!"

"Am I then, sir?"

"Indeed, I almost think so!"

"Can crazy people be hanged, sir?"

"Again! what pertinacity!—no, crazy people cannot suffer capital punishment!"

"Can *children*, sir?"

"Magdalene! such questions are horrible, and such thoughts, I think, are even wicked for a little girl like you! No, then, children cannot suffer so!"

"Then I pray to God that I may die while I am a child!" said the little girl, clasping her hands together, and raising her splendid eyes to heaven, with such a fervor of supplication, that the minister looked at her, divided between surprise, admiration and amusement.

"Why, thou strangest of all beautiful witches! Magdalene! do you suppose that if you live to be a woman, you will ever be so wicked as to take any one's life?"

"No, sir, I don't think so; but yet Satan might get the better of me, or else I might be *accused of* doing such a dreadful thing—or some one I dearly loved might! Oh, I hope, I hope I may die in peace!"

"Magdalene, I think that your young, susceptible and ardent imagination has been too deeply and painfully impressed and affected by what has happened to-day. Perhaps it will relieve you to hear what I have to tell you—the condemned criminal has been pardoned!"

"Pardoned?"

"Yes, Magdalene, pardoned on the scaffold—are you not glad?"

"I don't know—was he?"

"Thou strange child, yes!"

"I was thinking that if God had pardoned him first—that if he was ready to go to a better world, he had better have gone. I was thinking that after all he had gone through, he never could be happy in this world again—I shall never be, now that I know such things be."

"Magdalene, I must know you better—you are the queerest, yet the most interesting child I have ever met," said the minister, contemplating her with profound interest.

"Did you know my mother, sir?" inquired the child, seizing this opportunity of gaining information of her whose name

Was banished from each tongue and ear
Like words of wantonness or fear.

"Did you know my mother, sir?"

"Yes, Magdalene, but we will not speak of her now," replied the preacher, very gravely.

"Only one question, sir—in the month before I was born—was there any very horrible execution in this part of the country; and was my mother's mind very much affected by it that you know of?"

The clergyman here stopped his horse short, and taking the child by the shoulders turned her around until she faced him. Then he gazed deeply into her profound and beautiful eyes for the space of a minute, before he said—

"My child—why—tell me why, you asked me that question?"

"Because I heard one of the nigger women say, once, that the quarter chimney caught fire a month before her child was born, and that the child is now more afraid of fire than anything else in the world. Now there is nothing on earth—no fire, nor water, nor storm, no wild horse, nor mad dog, nor wolf—nothing in life frightens me, and makes me ill, except an execution! Oh! oh! I am afraid even to talk of it!"

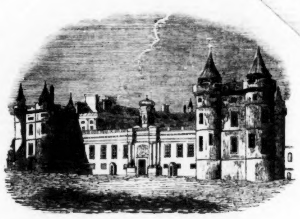
"Magdalene!" said the minister, "you must be sent to school—'Satan finds some mischief yet for idle brains to do, as well as idle 'hands,'—and you must mix more with children, and less with old crones."

And the minister, privately resolving to speak to Adam Hawk upon the subject, restored Magdalene to her former position before him, and put his horse in motion.

It was nearly dark—there was no moon, and the sky was overcast with clouds, so that the minister, when he arrived at the gate of the grange, instead of going in, set Magdalene down, and promising to call during the week and see about that school business, turned his horse's head and rode rapidly away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Picture Gallery.



HOLYROOD.

We present our readers, this week, with an engraving of Holyrood, the ancient Palace of the Scottish Kings. Readers of the poems and novels of Walter Scott, will remember many an allusion to this famous royal residence.

Hunting Sketch.

HUNTING THE PECCARY, OR, MEXICAN HOG, IN TEXAS.

BY C. W. WEBBER, AUTHOR OF "OLD HICKS, THE GUIDE," &c., &c.

Naturalists are very fond of calling our American animals cowardly. This sweeping statement is only a partial truth; and I, for one, have got tired of hearing it reiterated. The animals of this continent were originally just as ferocious towards man, if that's what they call bravery, and the fear of him cowardice!—as were any of the most formidable of the Eastern hemisphere, in proportion to the size and strength of the races.

Our forefathers, with their terrible rifles in hand, found our wild beasts quite sufficiently disposed, for their comfort, to dispute ascendancy [illegible] them in the land. They had been accustomed to grapple with the red man, armed only [illegible] with lance and bow, and in these con[illegible] ... the [illegible] were by no means unfrequent [illegible] battle with [illegible]. Now they are compelled to [illegible] as mysterious [illegible] invisible power—an agent [illegible] its effects—which [illegible] rations, as it is terrible in [illegible] ted their ancient foe [illegible] overawed and intimida[illegible] expected to fill them with [illegible] men, might well be [illegible] nable dread. [illegible] of an indefi[illegible]

The growth of this wholes[illegible] very gradual and slow. The [illegible] has been [illegible] them from frontier to frontier of [illegible] driven States, before any marked change in the [illegible] bolder for the *genus homo* began to be apparent.

The Panther, which, at first, made fight [illegible] the hunter wherever he met him, had learned to be more circumspect, and instead of becoming the assailant, and leaping from the limb whereon he crouched above, down on his foe below, was content to let him pass and stand entirely upon the defensive; even the Black Bear, who formerly had been notorious for his unceremonious habit of pushing his cold nose into whatever he might perceive going on before him, be the actors who they might, became almost a proverb of prudence. The Wild Cat, who sometimes lost his temper in love-making time, and challenged any buck-skinned intruder he might meet on the war-path for a fight, hand to claw, now contented himself with "giving the road," as his sagacious nostrils recognized the smell of gunpowder ahead.

Now, these changes should not by any means be stigmatized as the result of cowardice, but be honorably set down to the credit of a cautious reasoning; they had found an enemy armed with an agency, the nature or effects of which they could neither comprehend nor counteract; they therefore wisely concluded to avoid it—just as any other logical thinkers, reasoning from experience, would have done.

However, let any of those believers in the cowardice of our wild animals, even at this late day, venture into the fastnesses of the Dismal Swamp, or any of those enormous canebrakes locked up within the sluggish embrace of the bayous of the Mississippi, and propose to shake hands with the first panther he meets, or offer the fraternal hug to bruin, and he will see what a reception he will find!—let him be armed with as many guns and pistols as he can carry. I'll engage he will need to make the most of them, the first time he comes within spring of a panther, or treads on the tail (!) of a bear.

The fact is, the introduction of fire-arms, in modifying the face of the whole globe, physically as well as morally and mentally, has not failed of course, in its effects upon savage animals as well as savage men. If it has thundered civilization or extermination into the ears of one, it has as well detonated circumspection into the ears of the other.

Before the East India conquests of the British introduced fire-arms, the bold and open ravages of lions, tigers and other wild beasts were frequently carried to such a formidable extent, that whole villages of the imbecile natives were depopulated by a single animal, to destroy which armies had to be assembled; and even they have been driven back from the jungles, without effecting their object more than partially. When British officers first commenced lion and tiger hunting, it was considered the most dangerous sport in the world, and the records and correspondence of that period teem with fearful tales of bloody deaths at the horrid jaws of those animals. At that time, the tiger, without hesitation, attacked large parties of men, leaping into their midst from the jungle, and carrying off a victim, without regard to epaulettes or color; while the lion charged boldly into camps, carrying off men, oxen or any other dainties that happened to suit his taste.

In hunting on elephants, it was so exceedingly rare to find one who would charge a jungle after the scent of the tiger had reached him, that such an animal commanded the highest prices. Now the tables are so entirely turned, that we never hear of any one being carried off by these animals, whether native or not, except in the remote interior of the forests of Bengal and Africa, into which the heavy and formidable rifle of the British sportsman has not yet carried its ounce-ball terrors. While hunting on elephants has become a sport, attended with so little danger, that even the placid nerves of a clerk from Threadneedle Street may now venture to partake of the indulgence, fortified only with a little cotton stuffed in his ears to drown the roars of the brute, and a little sal volatile to stay his spirits when the blood begins to flow.

The dreaded tiger now skulks in caves and deepest jungles, until frightened forth by the maddening and incessant play of rockets, grenades, and every other species of torturing fire-works. While the lordly lion waits behind the bush for the assault of his foes, and is not known to charge, even until several times wounded. In yielding to the mastery man has thus established, these animals have lost nothing of their original characteristics, except so far as their relations to him are concerned—and in this the difference is rather, as we have before remarked, [illegible] mechanical intelligence than [illegible] the animal.

Nor are these gradual ameliorations of temper and habit, so far as mankind are concerned, confined to quadrupeds alone—birds, and all other creatures, partake of them, in degrees proportioned to their intelligence. It is notorious how soon game birds, and the whole family of rapacious birds, learn to distinguish a man with a gun from a man without a gun, and with such sagacity will they do this too, that we are seldom able to surprise them, by any stratagem of concealed weapons.

And yet the white-headed eagle remains the white-headed eagle, so far as its relations to the rest of the world are concerned. It continues to thrash the vultures, to make them disgorge their food—robs the fish-hawk of his shining prey, with just as splendid audacity as ever, and continues with quite as ferocious astuteness to tear out the eyes of any wounded deer or buffalo cow it may perceive go aside from the herd.

But, all rules have their exceptions—and it was to treat concerning one of these exceptions, that I commenced this paper. Certainly however much other wild animals may have yielded to the awful supremacy of that dread machine, behind which man has entrenched his physical inferiority, the Peccary cannot be accused of the same weakness, for of a verity, it does seem to me that if those same formidable tubes were to pour forth the thunders and fires of Hecla itself, instead of the respectable little volcano, of which they at present can boast, the belching of this huge and noisy chaos would only increase the irate valor of this curious little animal. It seems to be entirely insensible to all those sudden influences, the unexpected supervention of which are sure to cause panic in other animals. Ungovernable rage seems to take the place of this panic—a rage quite as headlong and as blind. Though scarcely more than eighteen inches high by two and a-half feet in length, it is yet, really, one of the most formidable animals belonging to our hemisphere. It is gregarious, and goes in droves of from ten to fifty. Its jaws are armed after the manner of the wild boar, with tushes, but they are of very different shape, and if possible, more to be dreaded. They stand straight in the jaws, instead of curving upwards, and have the form as well as keenness of the lancet blade. Their motions are as quick as lightning, and with shoulders, head, and neck possessing extraordinary muscular power, they manage to slash and gash in the most horrible manner with these villainous little weapons, which are only about an inch and a half in length. As they do not hesitate to attack anything or anybody, big or little, provocation or no provocation, that may chance to cross their paths, men and animals very soon learn that their only safety is in flight. As they rush upon the object in a body, and fight until the last of their number is slain, it is fruitless to stop and battle with them, as they would cut either a man or the largest animal, so badly, before they could all be despatched, that the victory would prove a dear one indeed.

There is no wild animal that will stop for an instant to fight them—and men, dogs, and horses, run from them in the most ridiculous consternation—indeed, they are the very terror of hunters.

This droll creature seems to be exactly the intermediate between the family of hedge-hogs and the wild boar, or common hog. Its general form, so far as the body is concerned, resembles rather more that of the hedge-hog, while its hair, which is about the average length of the bristles of the common hog, is thinly set in a rough skin, and [illegible]ttened and sharp, as are the spines of the [illegible]-hog, and of the same bony consistence in [illegible]ence, though so thin as not to be prickly—as [illegible], except very slightly, when erected after the [illegible] ways are if the animal is enraged, [illegible] pines. Th[illegible] of the whole family of porcu[illegible] colored—betw[illegible] spines, or hairs, are also parti[illegible] bluish chocolate, [illegible] with the muddy, white and a roan—they are [illegible] the general effect of merely a fleshy protu[illegible] of a tail, (excepting the hedge-hog, and have [illegible] in common with [illegible] is vulgarly called the "na[illegible] gland which [illegible] They have no appearance of [illegible] the back." [illegible] neath, and this depression of the [illegible] under- directly over the loin, looks more [illegible] is than anything else, though it is believed [illegible] tain a deposite of a certain musk, which the [illegible]mal gives forth when excited, and which assimilates it again with the civit-cat of the East. Its shoulders, neck and head resemble the wild boar quite closely in conformation, though the outline, of course, is much more delicate and sharpened at the snout. Its legs and feet also are much like those of the boar. Its food partakes of the character of that of both the boar and the hedge-hog, consisting of mast, wild fruits, grains, grasses, shoots of cane, roots, herbs, reptiles, &c.

But, with all its other peculiarities to answer for, the drollest is yet to come. I refer to their mode of sleeping. They usually frequent those heavy cane-breaks, through which are scattered, at wide intervals, trees of enormous size and age. These, from their isolated condition, are most exposed to the fury of storms, and, therefore, most liable to be thrown down. We find their giant stems stretched here and there, through the cane-breaks of Texas, overgrown with the densest thickets of the cane, matted together by strong and thorny vines. In these old trees the Peccaries find their favorite lodgings. Into one of these logs a drove of twenty or thirty of them will enter at night, each one backing in, so that the last one entering stands with his nose at the entrance. The planters, who dread them and hate them—as well on account of the ravages on their grain crops which they commit, the frequent destruction or mutilation by them of their stock, their favorite dogs, and sometimes horses even, as on account of the ridiculous predicaments, such as taking to a tree, or running for dear life, etc., to which they have been subjected themselves by them—seek their destruction with the greatest eagerness. When a hollow log has been found, which bears the marks of being used by them, they wait with great impatience till the first dark, cloudy day of rain. A dark drizzle is the best, and it is well known that on such days they do not leave their lodgings at all. The planter, concealing himself just before day, carefully out of view, but directly in front of the opening of the log, awaits in patient silence the coming of sufficient light. Soon as the day opens, peering cautiously through the cane he can perceive the protruded snout and sharp watchful eyes of the sentinel Peccary on duty, while his fellows behind him sleep. Noiselessly the unerring rifle is raised, the ring of its explosion is heard, and with a convulsive spring the sentinel leaps forward out of the hole, and rolls in its death struggle on the ground. Scarcely an instant is passed, a low grunt is heard, and another pair of eyes is seen shining steadily in the place the others had just held. Not a sound is heard, the planter loads again with such dexterity, that not even a branch of the embowering cane is stirred. Again, with steady nerve the piece is fired, out springs the second victim, as the first had done; then another takes its place, and so on to the third, fourth, fifth, or twentieth, even to the last of the herd; unless he should happen by some carelessness, to make a stir in the cane around him, when out it springs, with a short grunt, without waiting to be shot this time, and followed by the whole herd, when they make a dash straight at the unlucky marksman, who is now glad enough to take to his heels, and blesses his stars if he should be able to climb a tree or a fence, in time to save his legs. If, during the firing, the sentinel should happen to sink in the hole without making the usual spring, the one behind him roots out the body to take its place. They do not understand what the danger is, or whence it comes. Neither do they fear it, but face its mysterious power dauntless to the last. They never charge towards unseen enemies, until guided either by the sight of some disturbance caused by a motion in the thicket, or by those sounds with which they are familiar, indicating their position. Incredible as this account may appear, it is actually the method in which the settlements along Caney Creek and in the Brazos Bottom have been of late years, in a great measure relieved of this dangerous annoyance. When one is taken in a snare or trap, it is torn to pieces by the others in their eagerness to get it free. The planters amuse themselves very much by relating these adventures, as there are many mirth-provoking scrapes connected with them.

My first adventure with the Peccaries I shall not soon forget. I was stopping with a planter on Caney Creek, for a few days of rest and recreation. He was an old friend from my native State, had been one of the early emigrants to Texas, and was now settled with his brothers on a magnificent plantation, of which their joint en-

SIPS FROM PUNCH.

A Capital Business.—The most flourishing profession one can turn one's hand to in the present day is Mesmerism.

Temperance Enigma.—When has a scruple more weight than a dram? When conscience makes a teetotaller refuse a thimbleful of brandy.

Conundrum for Cockneys.—Which has the greater amount of animal heat, the beaver or the otter? Why, of course, the (h)otter of the two.

Recreations in Chemistry.—Put some powdered zinc or some from Slings into a glass bottle, with a little water in it, and, in order to disengage hydrogen gas, add a small quantity of sulphuric acid, spill some of the acid on the tablecloth, which if of a dark color, will be stained red in several places, and will have a number of holes burnt in it. Jackets, trousers, and pinafores will exhibit the same phenomena, as the consequence of this chemical recreation.

Paradoxical Experiment.—The giver of a lecture on natural philosophy exhausting his receiver.

How can a man, who has no wings, be said to be "winged" in an "affair of honor?" Because, in going to fight a duel, he makes a goose of himself.

Consolation for a Pain in the Side—A Stitch in time saves nine.

To Mend Sherry—Have a sherry cobbler.

Why is a comet more like a dog than the dog-star? Because the comet has got a tail, and the dog-star hasn't.

New Hieroglyphic.—The fig is regarded by some moderns as the emblematical fruit of intemperance, on account of its extreme seediness.

Sad State of Medicine.—The most honest medical man is generally so far a hypocrite that his profession is unaccompanied by practice.

A Legal Conveyance.—The police van.

Extraordinary Setter.—A dog kept in a poultry yard, from continually associating with the fowls, acquired a habit of amusing himself by hatching eggs.

Female Politicians.—Ladies are generally supposed to care little about politics, yet, the majority of them are strongly attached to parties, and all good housekeepers are conservatives.

Physical Difficulty.—Putting a blister on a hedge-hog.

The Fair in Hyde Park.—The exhibition in the crystal palace will be sure to have plenty of female visitors; for the ladies will all be naturally attracted by the glass.

Table of Interest.—The dinner table.

If the growth of the hair is promoted by Macassar, will the Anti-Macassar have a contrary effect?

Letters are paid for by the ounce, but an unusually weighty announcement is not subjected to an extra charge.

Where are we most likely to find the sky blue? The nearer we go to the milky way.

Why is a man who has carried his carpet bag on shore from a steamboat, like the owner of the soil? Because he is possessed of landed property.

An Heir at Law.—A gentleman who inherits an estate in Chancery.

Conundrum for Legislators.—Why do the Patent Laws tend to promote discovery? Because they tax invention.

The Height of Famine.—The famous Dragon of Wantley is related to have been so famished with hunger, that he once actually ate a raw Scotchman!

Note for Aeronauts.—Take care that the companions of your aerial voyage are good natured fellows, as the worst thing that can happen to people in a balloon, is to fall out.

Fact for Milk Drinkers.—The consumption of tea and coffee in London does not appear to have fallen off lately, and yet the population of the metropolis have taken a good deal of chalk late.

Anecdote of the Aristocracy.—[illegible] grocer having, unexpectedly, come [illegible] sends for a tailor, to come and [illegible] a coat-of-arms.

Legal Lore.—It is a dor[illegible] blind man could be mad[illegible] able at sight.

Cheap Cure for [illegible] treated with [illegible] pathy. Of [illegible] tors [illegible]—"Like is to be [illegible] the principle of homoeopathic; therefore, homoeopathic doc[illegible] homoeopathic fees.

Loose Fish.—Punctuality is the [illegible] business; therefore, punctuality is not [illegible]

[illegible] married woman can acquire nothing, the [illegible] of marriage making all she has the property of her husband.

You may purchase any stamp at the post-office except the stamp of a gentleman.

Legal Memorandum.—It is not, perhaps, generally known that if one man steals another man's donkey, the remedy of the aggrieved party consists in an action of ass-sumpsit.

Judicious Investment.—A certain enterprising capitalist bought the Vestiges of Creation, because he heard that it contains some deep speculations.

Clippings.

☞ It is a special trick of low cunning to squeeze out knowledge from a modest man, who is eminent in any science; and then to use it as legally acquired, and pass the source in total silence.—Walpole.

☞ To make cowards courageous, all that is necessary is to play sneak yourself. The Apache Indians were as timid as women till they commenced fighting with the Mexicans. They are now the worst customers we have to deal with.

☞ Weak doses of washboard are now recommended by physicians, for ladies who complain of dyspepsia. Young men troubled in the same way, can be cured by a strong preparation of wood-saw.

☞ No Peaches in New York Next Year.—We have been examining our peach and apricot trees, and find the fruit buds all dead. The cold snap, with the thermometer 11 degrees below zero, was too much for them. So we shall have none of these fruits next year.—Syracuse Journal, Jan. 8th.

☞ There is a false gravity that is a very ill symptom; and it may be said, that as rivers, which run very slowly, have always the most mud at the bottom; so a solid stiffness in the constant course of a man's life, is a sign of a thick bed of mud at the bottom of his brain.—Saville.

☞ The Papal Government of Rome has determined to order all naked statues in the churches to be covered, including the little marble angels that have for ages been exposed to the public gaze, and the Genius at the Tomb of Clement, by Canova. Paintings are also, says the Messagiere Modanese, likely to undergo the same process.

☞ An upright shoe may fit both feet; but never saw I a glove that would fit both hands. It is a man for a mean or mechanic office that can be employed equally well under either of two opposite parties.—Coleridge.

☞ There is only one thing worse than ignorance, and that is conceit. Of all intractible fools, deliver us from an over-wise man. You may make idiots, philosophers—you may coax donkeys to forego thistles—but don't ever think of driving common sense into the heads of conceited persons.

☞ Jenny Lind has been highly successful in her Havana engagement. She will return to the United States in two weeks. She will go first to New Orleans, and she is expected in New York by the 1st of March next.

☞ Time works wonders. Bajazet's descendants now coin pewter, while the inheritors of Harry Hotspur's grandeur have to make an exhibition to procure sugar for their coffee, or mutton for their chops. Two centuries from now, and it's quite likely that even some of Victoria's progeny will be mounted on a clam wagon, while the great-great-grandchildren of Louis Philippe, to get an honest living, will be seen toting a hand organ around the streets.

☞ According to the minutes of the American Bible Society Convention, there are at this time about 1,100,000 members connected with what are denominated evangelical churches, in the Southern or slave-holding States, which is about one tenth of the entire population.

☞ A lady who lives about ten miles from Germantown, affirms that her boys are the most tender-hearted children she ever knew. She says that if she asks one of them to draw a pail of water, he instantly bursts into tears!

☞ Rousseau says that when his wife died, every farmer in the neighborhood offered to console him with one of their daughters; but, a few weeks afterwards, his cow having shared the same fate, no one ever thought of replacing his loss by the offer of another,—thereby proving the different value people set upon their cows and children.

☞ Liquid Leather.—Dr. Bernland, of Laria, in Germany, is said to have discovered a method of making leather out of certain refuse and waste animal substances. He has established a manufactory near Vienna; no part of the process is explained, but it is stated that the substance is at one stage in a state of fluidity, and may then be cast into boots, shoes, &c. Such a discovery is not improbable.

☞ A husband and a wife, being very much at variance, referred their quarrels to Mr. Howeis. Each accused the other, and both declared themselves to be without blame. Mr. Howeis heard them very patiently, and then said,

"My judgment is this: let the innocent forgive the guilty."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2 if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 one copy is sent three years.

4 Copies,		$5 00	Per Annum.
8	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$10 00	"
13	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$15 00	"
20	" (and one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club,)	$20 00	"

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed from, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. It must be remembered that the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.

INTEREST.

Persons generally are not aware of the formidable character of even the legal rate of interest. Six per cent. per annum seems to many business men a small per centage, but there are but comparatively few employments that will pay such an interest on the capital involved, in addition of course to the necessary expenses and food and clothing, and leave much of a surplus behind. Every man, therefore, should beware how he pays more than the legal rate of interest—for, if he does, the chances of his becoming ultimately a bankrupt are decidedly favorable. Our thoughts were led into this channel, by seeing the following statement in one of our contemporaries:

The Wealth of Massachusetts.—In 1840 the whole real and personal property in Massachusetts State was valued at two hundred and ninety-nine millions. It will not now be less than [illegible] hundred millions. This is an immense [illegible] in[illegible]

The wealth of Massachusetts, we [illegible] other creases at least as rapidly as that [illegible] more State in the Union; in no [illegible] economy, general industry and mo[illegible] 299 millions is Now the increase from [illegible] increase"—but truly said to be an [illegible] such as six per cent. a what is it? It is [illegible] and ninety-nine millions, year. Two hu[illegible] interest (payable semi-annually, put at 6 per[illegible] would amount in ten years, ally, as [illegible] interest, to over 539 millions of compo[illegible] millions more than what is called do[illegible] increase." It would be well for [illegible] money borrowers and money lenders to re[illegible] on these facts. And to the former class we say,—if you would become independent in your circumstances, strive by strict economy to get out of the class of borrowers into that of lenders.

EXTEMPORANEOUS PREACHING

A man who speaks or preaches extemporaneously, should be careful to have his feelings under such control, as not to utter that which his after judgment will disapprove. This is one danger of extemporaneous speaking. Men are hurried on by the heat of their passion to utter opinions of things and persons, which they sometimes would give much to recall. A striking instance of this is mentioned by a foreign correspondent of the National Era. He says:

The Rev. Dr. McNeile, of Liverpool, is one of the most distinguished pulpit orators in Great Britain, and belongs to the State Church. During the late agitation he has taken a prominent part among those who have devoted time and talents to the anti-Popish cause, and, though reverenced by thousands, heretofore, for his dignity of character, has several times been carried away with excitement.

Last Sunday, while preaching extemporaneously to his church, (which to a man half worships him,) upon the subject of the Confessional, he became so excited, that he declared it the duty of Parliament to pass a law against all those who administer confession; and transportation would not be a sufficient punishment. He called for the punishment of death upon all priests who were guilty of the practice!

His congregation were shocked, and in the course of the afternoon he received a note from one of his dearest friends, demanding a retraction of such horrible sentiments. At the evening service, he asked the pardon of his audience for "the atrocious sentiment" he uttered in his morning discourse, and said that he was so excited that he knew not what language he used.

An extemporaneous speech has generally a more powerful effect than one which is read, but the speaker should be master of himself, if he would be master of his audience. A written speech, committed to memory, is undoubtedly, as the example of the great orators of antiquity proves, the most powerful of all appeals to the mind of man—combining, as it does, the fervor of a free delivery with the correctness, condensation, and sound argument of a written discourse. Probably the finest passages in all apparently extemporaneous speeches are not extemporaneous.

CURRER, ELLIS, AND ACTON BELL.

In a preface to a new English edition of "Jane Eyre," the following facts are stated "by authority," some of which have already appeared in the papers. "Jane Eyre," "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey," are the productions, respectively, of three sisters, daughters of a country clergyman, residing among the hills bordering Yorkshire and Lancaster. Shut out from congenial society and other pursuits, they devoted their leisure hours to literary composition. To conceal their names and sex, they took the names of Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell. "Wuthering Heights" was the production of Ellis, or Emily; "Agnes Grey" was produced by Acton, or Anne the youngest sister; and "Jane Eyre" was written by Currer, the oldest sister. The two younger sisters are dead, one having deceased in December, 1848, and the other in May, 1849.

Our readers will remember that when "Agnes Grey" was first republished in this country, we avowed our strong belief that it was not, as was stated, by the author of "Jane Eyre." It resembled (in our opinion) "Jane Eyre," about as much as skimmed milk and water does rich, creamy milk. For expressing this opinion, our motives were called in question. But the author of "Jane Eyre" herself, now corroborates our statement that she was not the author of "Agnes Grey." And so that controversy is settled.

JENNY LIND.

Jenny herself was much admired at Havana, but Barnum was not very popular on account of his high prices, which were low, however, as compared to those asked in the United States. The old Spaniards refused to go at all to the concerts—the Creoles went, however, in good number. The receipts of the first concert were $4,700, of the second only $2,700. After a third rather unsuccessful attempt, Barnum announced a fourth for charitable purposes. To this all parties crowded, and the theatre was not only filled, but the sale of tickets had to be stopped. The receipts at this concert amounted to $5,000, clear of all expenses, which was distributed as follows:—$1,000 to the Lying-in-Hospital; $1,000 to the Charity Hospital of St. John of God; $1,000 to the Catalan Beneficent Society; $1,000 to the Ursuline Convent for the Education of Poor Children, and $1,000 in alms for the deserving poor. The Creoles were making arrangements for another concert.

Jenny has been much applauded, and her voice pronounced a most astonishing one. Her Swedish songs did not take at all—which does not argue much for Cuban taste. She only sang them once. Barnum has probably lost, so far, from $10,000 to $15,000 in Havana.

THE RAPPINGS.

Mr. C. C. Burr, formerly Universalist minister of this city, and Colonel Hall, of Bridgeport, New York, have been giving public lectures on the "rappings," in which they denominate them impostures. Mr. Burr says that the noise is made by the big toe, and states that he can "rap" in the same way. The N. Y. Tribune says, however, that "his specimens of producing the sounds and answering the questions, are total failures."

This subject, according to the Boston "Transcript," is attracting the attention in that city of many intelligent persons, among whom are some half dozen of the principal clergymen.

OREGON.

By late news from Oregon, everything appears to be very flourishing in that new territory. The entrance to the mouth of the Columbia River is now considered perfectly safe. Overland emigrants had suffered very much from the snow among the mountains.

SOUTH AFRICA.

A great salt lake has been discovered in South Africa. The English settlers are still perpetually pushing Northward the Boors, who, in their turn, are pushing forward the Natives. Some of the latter have now traversed at least a thousand miles from the point at which their wanderings commenced, a quarter of a century ago.

The Cape Town Mail hazards the prediction, that before another quarter of a century shall have elapsed, the whole interior of South Africa to the Equator, will be occupied by civilized communities of the European race, and probably under the dominion of Great Britain. Among the discoveries in the new land of promise, are ivory in considerable quantities, and many other articles of commercial value.

Some travellers have arrived at the Cape of Good Hope from the Zula country, which is described as being in some places fertile and beautiful, with vegetation luxuriant; in others the land was barren, with not a tree to be seen for miles. The chief food of the inhabitants is milk, rice and sweet potatoes.

The natives use black earthenware cups.—These cups were so beautifully glazed, and of such curious workmanship, that the travellers were surprised to find that they were manufactured by the natives. The kraal or hut of the chief was surrounded for miles with those of his relatives. About 100 of these vassals were summoned upon one occasion, and despatched to hunt buffalo. Large crops of mealies, sweet potatoes and Caffri corn were seen, as well as immense quantities of sugar cane.

INSURING DEBTS.

A chartered company to insure debts, is now in operation in Indiana, having an agency office in New York. Why not? The object of insurance is to make uncertainties, certainties,—and what could be more uncertain than most debts about this time? We think the application of insurance to debts, a very excellent idea. A man could then calculate the profits of his business, without the usual indefinite allowance for losses. Besides, commercial paper now locked up till maturity, in fire-proofs, would, when insured, become immediately convertible into cash. Besides, the business of inquiring into the solvency of buyers, would then be handed over to the insurance office, and the merchant would only have to inquire there how a man stood, and what rate was charged to insure his paper, and act accordingly. There is only one drawback to this pleasant picture—that the Insurance Offices would be liable, in "hard times," to b[illegible] up, like so many banks, when they were needed.

THE NEW MOTIVE P[illegible]R.

Our readers will remember a [illegible]town Tele[illegible] we recently quoted from the [illegible]scovery, which graph," alluding to a [illegible] into the shade—would completely throw [illegible] tears—shortly to be condense it into [illegible]. Mr. Cist, of the "Cincinnati Adver[illegible] announced to the [illegible] says that the "Telegraph" doubtless [illegible] to Professor Salomon's discovery of [illegible] acid gas, with perfect safety, in pro[illegible] of [illegible]ginery for every purpose. He further [illegible] that a propelling power will be afforded by carbonic acid gas, equal to any given one by steam, in exercise, in one-fiftieth of the space—dispensing, as it does, with furnaces and boilers—and at one-hundredth part of the expense.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Ministry have resigned, in consequence of the Assembly allowing Gen. Changarnier to justify himself before it, for his conduct in relation to the President. Both the Right and Left of the Assembly warmly applauded the General. After a week had elapsed, a new Ministry was appointed, and the post heretofore held by Changarnier, abolished. The Assembly appears to be opposed to the course of the President.

The accounts from Rome, and the activity of Mazzini and other Italian refugees, gives no reason to doubt but that any serious difficulty at Paris would be instantly seized upon to unfurl the Republican banner in the Holy City, where the French soldiers have become so obnoxious that they are indiscriminately assassinated by the citizens on every public occasion.

THE WORLD'S FAIR.

It is estimated that two millions of strangers will visit the London Fair—thus doubling the population of that great city for the time. Lodging, provisions, &c., will doubtless run up very high. It is supposed that the "elephant," about seeing which so much was said during the Mexican War, will be present in London during the exhibition, and afterwards make the tour of Europe with the unusual concourse of travellers.

A NEW BOOK.

Professor Hart is now engaged upon a work, entitled the "Female Prose Writers of America." It is to be a royal octavo of five hundred pages, with numerous portraits. Authors are invited to forward to the Professor, materials for the biographical and critical notices, addressed to the care of the publishers, E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. Editors are requested by Mr. Hart, to give publicity to this notice.

A SOUTHERN FARM.

We call attention to an advertisement on our third page, of a portion of a large grazing farm, now offered for sale in Western North Carolina. It will be sold very low, and may be worth the attention of some of our Northern farmers or capitalists. A long description of the tract has been sent to us, which we shall be happy to show to any one desirous of purchasing in that section.

LINE OF STEAMSHIPS.

The subscription list for a semi-monthly line of four steamships between Philadelphia and Liverpool is now completed. Great praise is said to be due to Mr. D. L. Miller, Jr., for his exertions in this matter.

Liberty in France.—A chemist and his son, for making caricature plaster casts of Louis Napoleon, were recently sentenced to two years' imprisonment and $600 fine. Vive la Republique!

New Publications.

SERIALS.

Littell's Living Age, No. 350, contains, for its leading article, Lord Carlisle's Lecture at Leeds. This nobleman, better known as Lord Morpeth, was much liked while travelling in our country, and his remarks on America will be read with interest.

No. 31 of the Boston edition of Shakspeare contains the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra, with a picture of Egypt's famous queen, gorgeously apparalled in her royal robes, with the diadem on her head, its jewels outshone by the stormy lustre of her eyes.

The Photographic Art Journal. Vol. 1. Number 1. January, 1851. H. H. Snelling, Editor. New York: W. B. Smith, 61 Ann St. Terms, $5.00 a year in advance. This journal is well got up, and contains a portrait of M. B. Brady, and sixty-four pages of information useful to daguerreotypists.

Holden's Magazine, for February, contains the continuation of a well written story called "A Sketch of New England Character," and other good articles. It is embellished with an engraving of the glass building for the World's Fair.

Poems of Hope and Action. By William Oland Bourne. New York: George P. Putnam, 155 Broadway.

These poems are, most of them, written in an earnest, religious spirit, and with sufficient intellectual ability to prove their author's high place among men, if not among poets. He is deeply imbued with the reformatory spirit of the age, and the utterance of his views chimes in harmoniously with the quotation from Charles Mackay on the title-page:

"Once the welcome Light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, Tongue and Pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, Paper; aid it, Type;
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play;
Men of Thought, and Men of Action,
Clear the way!"

Journeys, or, The Exile and the Escape. By Grace Aguilar. Author of "The Mother's Recompense," "Home Influence," "Women of Israel," &c. Complete in one volume. Phila.: T. B. Peterson, 98 Chesnut Street.

This is a romantic and touching story of the persecution of the Jews in Spain. The author being herself a Jewess, writes eloquently, and with a vivid reality of description, as one who puts her soul in the soul's stead of those suffering martyrs to their faith.

Lord and Lady Harcourt; or, Country Hospitalities. By Catharine Sinclair, author of "Jane Bouverie," "The Business of Life," "Modern Accomplishments," &c. Phila.: A. Hart late Carey & Hart.

This is a lively, clever novel, by an English author of good reputation. The characters are ably and gracefully sketched, and the incidents entertaining.

The Howards: A Tale Founded on Facts. By D. H. Barton, A. M. Phila.: Getz & Buck.

This is a story of an interesting family, whose brilliant prosperity and sudden reverses illustrate the expediency of life-insurance to secure from want those whose luxurious nurture unfits them for privation.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1851.

SATURDAY EVENING POST
STEAM-POWER BOOK AND JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
No. 86 South Third Street, Phila.,
Where Books, Pamphlets, Hand Bills, Way Bills, Circulars, Bill Heads, Cards, Labels, &c., are printed with dispatch, in the neatest manner, and on the most reasonable terms.
DEACON & PETERSON, Proprietors.

THIS YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

First and foremost, Mrs. Southworth will contribute almost exclusively to the Post. Mrs. Southworth is, in our opinion, decidedly the greatest female novelist of the country. Her writings are also superior to any other novelist in the country, of either sex.

In the intervals of Mrs. Southworth's Novelets, we shall publish shorter novelets and stories from the pens of other well-known writers. We have two new ones in hand, which shall be published as early as possible, viz.:

THE IRON HAND, by T. S. ARTHUR.

THE TAYLOR BOYS AGAIN, by C. W. WEBBER, author of "The Hunter of the Rio Puerco," &c.

Reports of Lectures, the Creeds of the Foreign Persuasions, Engravings, Commercial Reports, General News, Wit and Humor, &c., &c., shall be given as of old.

And as a guarantee for the future, we point our readers, and the whole country, to the past management of the Post in the East. We know that we have never hesitated at any reasonable expenditure for talent, but what it has been fully paid for weekly of the country. And we are determined that our readers shall have the best and original and selected matter that money and tact and industry can procure.

Shall we not have the same support of our numerous friends in all sections of the country as heretofore? We hope to double the number of our subscribers in a great many places, this coming season.

A little activity on the part of our friends will do it, and incite us to renewed exertions on their behalf.

From Washington.

THIRTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

SENATE.

On the 20th, petitions were presented by Messrs. Jones, Dodge, Iowa, and Upham, in favor of and against the Bill to amend the patent laws.

Mr. Hamlin presented a petition for the repeal of the Duties on Salt. Laid on the table.

Mr. Downs moved to print 5,000 extra copies of the report of the Board of Engineers, on the mouth of the Mississippi river. Agreed to.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Underwood moved a resolution that the Committee on Commerce be instructed to inquire into the expediency of reporting a uniform system of regulations for law to prevent the employment of American vessels in the African slave trade, by preventing American vessels and seamen engaged in the trade, &c., to refuse sea letters to American vessels leaving from Brazilian ports to the Western Coast of Africa. was taken up.

Mr. Hale said that in this morning's paper appeared the following article:

"To gratify the public curiosity in regard to the character of the paper which it is understood is being signed by many members of Congress, for the purpose of a map for publication in our paper of to-day."

The paper referred to, and signed, members of the 31st Congress, had not been published. It appeared that a removal of sectional controversy upon the subject of slavery would be the best Compromise that they could desire and destructive of the objects, and seeing no mode by which such controversy can be avoided, except by strict adherence to the settlement thereof by the compromise measures, he passed at the last session of Congress, do hereby declare their fidelity to the same, and will support, maintain, and to resist all attempts to repeal or alter the same, either in whole or in part, without the consent of the friends of the measures, and to remedy such evils as time and experience may develope; and for the purpose of making this resolution effective, I further declare that they will not support for the offices of President, or Vice President, any man who is not known to the Congress, in no member of State Legislature, any person who shall not, when he was known to be opposed to the disturbance of the settlement established by the compromise measures, and to the renewal in any form of agitation upon the subject of slavery."

Mr. Hale said that the gentleman who would vote for this resolution might come within the ostracism of this document, published so gratuitously in this paper. He thought public curiosity would not be satisfied until the names of the signers were published. He would like to know the subject was to be disposed of hereafter. Was it to be published? If it is to be published—how was trade to be discussed when the authors of it were to be kept in the dark or continued or shielded in? If the duties on iron and coal were to be discussed, for example, it would be strange if the article (iron) was not to be touched.

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Mr. Underwood said that the resolution was opposed to the disturbances of the settlement established by the compromise measures, and to the renewal in any form of agitation upon the subject of slavery. And if slavery be discussed, he thought the whole subject would be opened to it he liable to the objections of the discussion.

Mr. Hale said that a thing, however, which he would say what he desired on the subject. He was opposed to the Fugitive Slave Law, North Carolina, written in 1644, to Mr. Clarkson, of Virginia, and Mr. Randolph, of Roanoke, to consider that members shall have the best and original and selected matter that money and tact and industry can procure.

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Mr. Hale said that the gentleman

Selected Poetry.

A PLEA FOR OUR PHYSICAL LIFE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We do not sing nearly enough
Neglecting every song
The baby cries that stands on one
The smiles up to the slope
Of the high mountain range—
The long, rich valley that encircles one.

The fresh limestone hath,
To the sea the trembles path
Or 'and the ocean waves dancing with happiness rest
Lifting on her topsail the many tinkers.

Kind Heaven! there is no end
Of pleasure as we wend
Our pilgrimage in this world of ours we way,
If we but know the laws
Of the Eternal Cause,
And for His glory and our good obey.

But antichristed pride
Sees half these joys aside,
And our possessed care shackles the soul so much.
That the tones cold and dun beneath its deadening
touch.

Wakened, we plodding grass tweak,
Sleeping, we sleep in vain,
Welcome, or cowardice, wearing like a sore
Because the body burned,
And children gathering flowers!
And heaven's fair face, and the sky—Bridges!
What though we're growing old,
Our blood is not yet cold
Come with us in the fields, thou man of money fly!
And give thy limbs a chance among the daffodils.

Come with us to the wood,
And to the free animals
Knocker to our wants as we go,
Open thy merry brain
Let childhood enter again,
Spite of thy wealth, thy learning, or thy woe.
Stretch forth thy limbs and leap—
Thou art in nature here asleep;
And though the weather may darken the pale
snow,
Show me, it does not snow, how like as child art thou!

A Capital Story.

THE DANGEROUS BEAUTIES.

(CONCLUDED.)

I was not in condition to swallow a crouch. The horrible sight of the dishonest was my appetite for a good wives to come.

After a few moments, Emilie returned and took her seat at the table.

"Set to, my friend," said her father to me, encouragingly, as he observed that I played with my soup without putting it to my mouth.

As I did not wish it to appear that the angry-tated limb had frightened away my appetite, I drew out my handkerchief and held it before my mouth.

"Is anything the matter?" asked the Counsellor, anxiously, and Diefenbach looked inquiringly at me.

"My tooth begins to trudge," said I.

"Do you suffer from a bad tooth?" asked Emilie, kindly.

One lie begets another. I answered:

"Yes, indeed, if an atom gets into it, it gives me most intensely."

"It must come out!" said the female surgeon, with decision, and Diefenbach looked to her surgeon's case.

I was terrified. My two-and-thirty teeth reposed in the most perfect soundness.

"I beg, my lady," said I hastily, "do not trouble yourself; the pain is already beginning to abate."

"The grinder must come out," said Emilie, with passionate earnestness; "a bad tooth is like a bad conscience—it never rests, although it may be still for a moment. You cannot be better from pain as long."

"I thank you very sincerely," said I, degenerately, as I observed with horror how the dreadful steeples drew out from the case a fearful pair of pincers.

At least you will permit me to operate myself, said I.

"Oh," thought I, "if I can only handle the fatness creature will be tractable together, and—"

I bit my teeth as a friend of dental operations and managed to

But Emilie, insisted on its take my way.

"Leave himself," thought I, "must have let me into the house." I declared again and again that I could by no means consent to the operation, but I solemnly protested that it was altogether against my principles.

I will not for once the slightest harm," rejoined Emilie, "but dentistry is one of my most favorite studies. You will at least permit me just to examine your teeth."

It was in vain that I objected. I was in danger of showing myself a rank coward. I did not like that. I refused indeed, apparently out of mere politeness, to accede to Emilie's request, but at once of no avail—I had to take my place in the chair and open my mouth.

To my horror the Counsellor left the room, and I found myself wholly in the power of the monster.

Emilie took another instrument out of the case and scrutinized it with regard of my poor teeth, which was by no means the most agreeable occupation. However, I supposed my pain and kept still. Then came another instrument, and then there was a new scrambling and scraping—I suffered like a very Job.

"Will you be so kind as to clear you mouth," said the operator, handing me a glass of water. I did so, and saw with horror that I spat blood.

"Nothing is more injurious," said Emilie, "than for the gums to grow over the teeth before the have corroded that off."

So," sighed I, and begged the operation was over, but no, Emilie produced a third instrument, and most frightful than the last.

"I will not trouble you any more," said I, and shut my teeth closely together.

"Just one moment!" entreated the desperate doctor—the murderous pincers were in my mouth, and in an instant—and a tooth, a perfect transport of horror ensued me.

"For God's sake!" I exclaimed, "you will not—" but at that instant I thought the back of my head was off, and while Emilie held up before me a monstrous three-pronged grinder, she observed with great coolness—

"You see I had to come out—it was already defective, and would have injured the others, and caused you great suffering."

I was more than sufficient alive. My tongue was involuntarily in the frightful hollow left by the tooth.

"Allow me now," continued Emilie, with unusual composure, "to restore the now gum to its place."

"Ah, father, take you!" I was about to ejaculate in a frenzy when I felt the soft finger in my mouth, putting the gums in order.

While this occurred, "I've lance two jollier back teeth," she remarked, as if nothing had happened, "which threaten to be defective. If you please, we will extract them also, and save you future evil, as we are at it, we had better do our work thoroughly." She rendered the grinder, but I actually shrieked out, and jumped out of the chair as if stung by a tarantula.

At our pressure I resumed my seat, smiling, and carefully got up her instruments, while I continued to spit blood.

Having arranged her case Emilie with a pleased air, but I was left to answer myself with reflections upon this new, unexpected, and most extraordinary adventure.

It must certainly be confessed," thought I, betting vain, "never was man treated as before upon a visit to a female acquaintance. I have not used the shorts by head off, another pulls me out by wonderful teeth!

I regarded with silent melancholy the beautiful tooth with its grand roots. I had never had the slightest objection to complain of it.

The sudden cry with which I had protested against a continuance of her instructive operation had no doubt reached the ears of the Counsellor. He came hastily in and inquired the cause of my suppressed distress.

"Your lady daughter," said I, not in the politest tone, "has been pleased, unsolicitously, to all I could say, to deprive me of a sound tooth, a service for which I can hardly thank her."

"Sound?" said he, with a shake of the head. "I am a little doubtful on that point. Emilie, as the first physicians have assured me, is very skilful, and especially in dentistry."

"I have learned that," answered I "although I had not the slightest desire to test her skill."

"You should be thankful," said Josaphrand, in a tone of comfort; "by a little pain you have been saved much suffering hereafter. You have nothing to fear from my daughter's sure hand. The operation is happily over. But, my friend," he added, "you still need rest; an hour's sleep can do no harm. If you please, I will accompany you to your room."

I was delighted at the idea of getting clear for a while of my tormentors.

"After you," said the Counsellor, "we will take a little walk over my estate. It is a fine day."

I was shown a comfortable chamber, beautifully furnished, with a delightful prospect from the windows.

"Here you may find amusement, too," said my host, pointing to a richly-filled book-case. "If you need anything you will ring the bell."

Wishing me a refreshing siesta, the Counsellor withdrew. I was alone. I looked out of the window and was refreshed by the beautiful prospect.

This is really a charming residence," thought I, "if it were not for those girls with their devilish operations. The old man is much too weak against those furies. That Diefenbach has pulled out one of my teeth, so that I ugly started for I were in the last stage of consumption. He really seems to regard as a friendly service; I suppose he is quite delighted with my daughter, when she pulls out his friends' teeth.

"At all events I'll not stay here long. I will see Ohrs, Isherwer, and fetch my uncle's watches in the autumn, and then I'm off. If I were to stay here much longer, I believe Diefenbach would have my legs and arms off, unless they were first shot away by Eduard."

During these cogitations I continued spitting blood. I felt no pain, but the bleeding from the gum very uncomfortable.

I must certainly question," said I to myself. I never saw more beautiful creatures. They could hardly be handsomer—but what is all their lovely outside worth, if they are like the devil in the third story, Exercise. To judge by her portrait she is more than three times as old as Cornelie, and at least does not operate upon human beings like Louise and Emilie. What her pages has told me of her freedom for spiders and similar insects, is, to be sure, not very recommendatory, but it does not endanger one's life. This confounded blood spitting will not cease. I guess I shall get along best with Ohrs.

"It is lucky for me and Minna," thought I, "certainly, she remembers me that those maidens have such singular passions; and, besides, they would give themselves no particular trouble to make an impression upon a young man's heart; in fact, they seem to be best upon wholesoaring me. If it were not so, and if they only kept themselves quiet, like other girls, I should have to look out for my breath—and no one would wonder at that, in the case of such extraordinary beauties."

I would gladly have smoked my segar according to custom, but the blood in my mouth would not allow it. I was greatly excited by the strange adventures which had befallen me during the last few minutes. I was rather warm, and with my remaining one-and-thirty teeth, laid my tired head on the cushion.

Sleep came, but it was no sleep that could refresh me. The torture I had suffered with the cruel sisters, was worse in my dreams than in reality. Now Louise was shooting off my head, and now Emilie was digging at my heart. So they alternated, each vision growing worse than the preceding. At last I awoke—started up in fear, as if I were in purgatory; I ached and groaned enough to draw pity from a stone. After I turned had shot a hole through my body, so that the sun shone through, then came Diefenbach with a pincers, on which hung my carcass, thirty teeth. I was toothless, like an old man of eighty, but my torture was to be still greater—Diefenbach produced a long, thin iron, sharp as a needle, and was about to operate on my [illegible] with desperation, but it was in vain, [illegible] seized and held me fast. With agonies and more, my bursting breast [illegible] with a demoniac laugh [illegible] and awoke.

Josaphrand Josaphrand, not without difficulty, [illegible] me, stood up like so many [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] and